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Ah! tho' thy charms were all illusion,
Such dear deceits I still would seek;
Thy mantling blush, thy soft confusion,
Thy looks that more than speak.

Thou know'st, O Love! how I have blest thee,
How oft for thee my heart hath beat;
How oft in sorrow I've caressed thee,
And thought thy sorrow sweet.

O Love! some call thy musings folly,
Some call thee cruel, base, and blind;
But thou, methinks, art pure and holy,
Exalted, raised, refined.

Harry Digby kneels entranced.

Beautiful spirit! with thy hair of light,
And dazling eyes of glory, —

President—Up cousin, up! no profanation here, 'tis the distant and 'most dear lady' who has so often favoured us. Come, we have sat too long; the ladies grow impatient. We are a feeble, fond old man; give us thy arm, Harry, to the drawing-room: let's have a dish of coffee while the womankind are bonnetting and shawling for a walk, this lovely evening.—

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, June 21.

The enthusiasm of the Parisians, at least of those who did not desire a different result, at the news of the landing of the French troops on the Algerine coast, is hardly to be described. I was at the opera on Friday night, when the news was announced there. There was at first only a general buzz of admiration, but in a short time there were shouts of applause, and many of the females waved their handkerchiefs. You may, conceive, therefore, from this, that the French troops in Africa have only to succeed, to ensure success to the government at-home in the formation of a new Chamber.

The English have taken alarm lately at the appearance of things here, and have run off pretty numerous. At our hotel, which usually, in the month of June, has from 70 to 80 English, there were on Friday last only five; the late proclamation however will, I imagine, restore confidence, and cause an accession of numbers.

The season is likely to be very productive in France, notwithstanding the late unfavourable weather. The vines look well, and the price of wine will probably be low. The wine-growers in the south are anxious, it seems, to keep down the quantity for this year, several hundred acres of vines in the vicinity of Bordeaux have been rooted up; this system was adopted two years ago to a great extent, and the growers then declared that their vineyards did not pay for cultivation—most of the land so cleared has been planted with trees and sown with corn. A letter from Berlin gives an interesting account of the discovery of a subterranean church in Prussian Saxony. A part of this church had been used for a long time by a farmer as a warehouse for potatoes, but having occasion for more room he had some rubbish cleared away, and soon came to a magnificent altar—some paintings, but in a very indifferent state of preservation, were also discovered. There has been a good deal of chat here in the Salons about a *liaison de cœur* in which the parties are said to be a Royal lady and a young Irishman—the duchess de B—— is probably the lady meant, but I have no doubt that the story is calumnious—the affability of the duch-

ess and her avowed attachment for English and Irish persons have led the original propagator of the report into error. Considerable sensation has been caused here by some new accounts of poisoning from eating the sausages called *saucisson de Lyons* and of other places.

The trial of the persons charged with the murder of the celebrated Paul Louis, Courrier, which has been little noticed in your country, but which has excited great interest here, terminated on the 14th in the acquittal of the three persons accused. The principal witnesses against them were a girl named *Grivault*, who declares that she saw them commit the crime when she was in the prest in company with a young man, who however declared solemnly on the trial that he had not been there with her, and a man named *Tremont*, who was formerly I believe tried for the murder and acquitted, but who has since confessed it, and turned evidence against the persons now accused. From the verdict of the jury, however, his horrible affair still remains enveloped in mystery.

It appears by a letter from St. Petersburg, that a splendid gold medal has been struck there in commemoration of the peace between Russia and Persia. It is $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter, and is worth about twenty guineas. On the face is represented the town of Erivan and the river Zenghi on which it is built; in the back ground is Mount Ararat, on which is planted the Russian standard, with the date 1828. On the reverse Mount Ararat appears again surrounded by the waters of the deluge, with Noah's ark on the summit, and the date 2242 anno mundi.

Some of the frequenters of the Theatres have been a good deal excited lately by an announcement that M. Laurent, who for these few years past until the present season has had the privilege of the Italian opera, and who is well known in England from having been joint manager of the king's theatre with M. Laporte, had obtained the privilege of the *Theatre des Nouveautés*, with permission to introduce all foreign companies except Italian, which privilege is given to a Mr. Rubard. Mr. Laurent, who is married to an English lady, has a great predilection for the English, and he is ever greatly opposed by the ultra anti-English party, whilst he is warmly supported not by the *liberals* so called, but by all the justly liberal in national or theatrical matters. He has already announced the engagement of several English pantomime actors, and it is probable that there may be some attempts to impede the performances, but the result must prove favourable to him. It is understood that he will next season offer terms to Mr. Kemble and his daughter for six nights' performances in Paris.

The Cæsarean operation was performed here a few days ago, with success; the child was living, and likely to do well, and after the operation the mother was in a state which promised recovery.

The Opera Comique is again in a state of bankruptcy. This is an unfortunate thing for Miss Smithson, who had an engagement for several months, at about £60 per week. She will probably make some arrangements for her appearance under the management of Laurent, at the *Nouveautés*.

Some new cases of Lithotritry, by Dr. Civiale, have, recently occurred, and they were in his hands perfectly successful. The subject excites great interest here. One of the prizes offered

by the Paris Royal Academy is for the best Essay on Lithotritry. Four or five Essays, one of which is by Mr. Costello, the friend and pupil of Civiale, have been sent in, and he is expected to gain the prize which is of 1000 francs and a gold medal. The Academy of Medicine at Göttingen have also announced their intention of giving a medal and a sum of money, for the best Essay on Lithotritry. The *Moniteur* of yesterday contains an order from the Minister of public Institutions, for an official return of the state of all the Colleges and other Institutions for public inspection in Paris. The conduct of the tutors, the treatment of the pupils, the course of education adopted, are all to be minutely stated. This is thought to be preparatory to a thorough reform: some say the influence of the Jesuits is to be destroyed; others, that the progress of liberal doctrines is to be checked. Whatever may be the motive, the inquiry must do good.

Naples, 5th June, 1830.

Your kind and lively letter, my much regarded Postlethwaite, now lies like Moore's valley, smiling before me; having been my companion from Rome through many lovely and classical scenes, which have occupied our time delightfully ever since our departure from the eternal city; indeed, the whole retrospect of our tour is interesting and gratifying in the extreme. We left Rome reluctantly, I will admit it, (but the heat forced us off,) earlier than we wished, on the 13th of April, and travelled on hither by the shores of the blue Mediterranean. We arrived in Napoli on the 15th, it is second only to Rome, and in respect to sea, situation, and coast, far superior. The "studio" or gallery of ancient marble bronzes, &c. is superbissimo: fancy the treasures restored from Herculaneum, Pompei, Baia, and a hundred other contributing sources; even Rome itself and the Farnese palace, rich above all others, pouring into Naples for ages, works of art of all conceptions, and you may well imagine we had a rich treat here: that we have had, indeed, and it lasted for days and weeks together, beyond words to describe: we gave a fortnight uninterruptedly to the city and its environs, Pompei, Herculaneum, Vesuvius, &c. &c. &c. and proceeded then to some of the islands, Ischia—delightful, wonderful Ischia—Capri, &c. resting two or three nights at such points as were calculated to engage or gratify us; we secured a lodging in a noble palace (villa Guarracino,) near Sorrento, anciently Syrentum, where we made a rest for seventeen or eighteen days, rambling by land or sea, and taking a cold dinner out with us on mules, asses, or in boats, which we eat, (not the boats, mules, or asses, but the dinner,) in some glorious cave, grotto, ruin, or shady spot. Our party now grew to twelve in number, no fewer than six H's. and others attached and attracted by a similarity of feelings and tastes; so if many make a merry party, we had numbers enough. Our time flew, indeed, delightfully. At Sorrento, we made some most agreeable acquaintances, Mrs. Starke (authoress of the best Guide in Italy,) amongst them, and divers other agreeable folk, artistical, &c. We also met and made acquaintance with your old friend U—— who is now at Naples, and was foremost in all our scenes of amusement and jollification: he is fully employed I am happy to say. Amongst other things I saw, is a pic-

ture he has in hands and far advanced, for your friend Mr. Morton of the county Cavan: the picture will do all parties credit. It is two sleeping peasant children in the vine grove, on a heap of their father's dresses, dogs watching, and their mothers looking over them—a charming poetical production. From Sorrento we crossed the gulph of Solerno, (and so on to Amalfi, one of the most surprisingly picturesque and mountainous places conceivable, seated 7 or 800 feet above the sea. Thence we advanced to Solerno, slept two nights here going to and returning from Poestum, a distance of some 50 or 60 miles, through a glorious country rich and fertile, three crops covering the ground at once, large cherry trees now full, and yielding delicious fruit, around which luxuriant grapes entwined and over-arch the fields about walking height from the ground, on which fine wheat, barley, Indian corn, the cotton plant, flax, hemp, French beans, and lupin grow, as may be, and which crops when ready are removed, a fresh sowing of the land takes place, and three crops are thus gained in the year, all by the effect of climate and good husbandry, for they are excellent cultivators of their lands; but the grand agent is water, every field has a well: water is pumped and let flow to perfect saturation: roads or channels, and sluices are mathematically constructed to carry water for irrigating every level. The most splendid myrtles, like forest trees, often meet you: the oak in great glory and beauty spreads abroad its mighty arms in gigantic majesty: in short, nature glories in her productive power here. Poestum is superb, simple, grand and impressively beautiful: three temples remain, models of art and defying the present race to imitate: such massive stones—such enormous pillars and capitals—in short though some 800 years older than Rome, Rome has nothing ancient, so fine. Earthquake alone could destroy such mighty labours, and earthquake has riven them sorely—owing to it, this fertile flat, bounded by most romantically grand mountains clothed with trees of all characters was formed; and by volcanic eruption several thousand acres or many miles of sea was filled by the ashes and new earth formed hereabouts, now garden-ground altogether, while the sea-beaten track here retaliated the encroachment and rushed in in turn on the land, and spoiling the coast and ruins; first, on one side of the gulph of Naples along the Syrentine shore, and then on the other to Baiæ, knocking down and covering over mighty roads, ruins, palaces, and temples, which yet may be seen under water more or less visible: fancy such places, and fancy us wandering among them; would you had been with us! but such things could not be. We returned on Tuesday evening again to Naples, having previously secured births in the steamer for Leghorn and Genoa; and in an hour hence we shall be on board and off. On the other side our peregrinations for the future are sketched: we look to be at Pau, and so go to Bourdeaux, steam it to Dublin in autumn as things may serve, leaving Paris out for the present.

Cork, June, 1850.

The last published volume of Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia contains an invidious observation on the oratorical propensities of the people of Cork. It runs thus: "All are orators, and no public business is transacted without a public debate." (*Cities and principal*

Towns, vol. I. p. 144.) The doctor applies it sarcastically, I am satisfied; but he, perhaps better than most men, knows that we are not as yet quite so ridiculous as his book is so well calculated to make many people believe. I myself remember distinctly, that somewhere in the years 1826 and 27, the *mechanics* of Cork, or rather a minute fraction of them, the Mechanics' Institute, paid the doctor for a course of lectures of elementary mechanics and machinery, the respectable sum of one hundred guineas.

The learned and talented gentleman, as the *puffers* say, for whom no man can profess a higher degree of respect than I do, is, or at least should be, perfectly well aware that in making such an assertion, and in such a style, he was not at all borne out by facts, or warranted by experience. We are, it is true, fond of attending public debates upon important topics, whether national or local, and there are some amongst us too, when occasion offers, take a conspicuous part in them; but I deny in toto that we are such as he has sneeringly depicted us to the invidious world. We had at one time (the Doctor should know that Curran, if not a native of our city, was born in our county, and received his education within a few miles of its suburbs, and that Burke never denied his derivation, or forgot the abode of his fathers,) some very excellent speakers amongst us; and even at this moment we can reckon among our citizens men of ability and public promise, fully equal to any that Great-Britain has produced. The foremost of the first class of these is a young gentleman, a very young gentleman, Francis A. Walsh. He is as yet scarcely twenty-three years of age; of a diminutive stature, though well-shaped in person, and not at all handsome, or even comely in countenance, or regular in point of feature. Still, with these disadvantages, and we all know how much the multitude are swayed by personal appearance, he is the most popular orator of the south of Ireland, and that too amongst every class and description of people: and in public or private, despite of his "green years," he absolutely and allowedly takes the *pas* of all the "poet, grave, and reverend signiors" of our city. He is really a most astonishing young man, take him how you will; for his powers of declamation are almost equalled by his intuitive perception of the good, the true, and the beautiful; and his vivid imagination is completely under the guidance and control of his uncommon good sense. This is only the echo of the general voice on the subject of his merits.

The "untoward" passage in the doctor's book which I began with, has created no slight sensation here. We are jealous, particularly and rightfully jealous of all that is now left to us, our literary reputation. On this topic we are extremely sensitive; and cold indeed and unfeeling must be the heart and the hand that would wantonly hide the one ray of hope from the sinking spirit, or take away the one solitary enjoyment from an impoverished people. We, that is, those amongst us who best know and appreciate the learned doctor's abilities, are fain to believe that the shaft was flung harmlessly, or at least heedlessly: but there be many among us, and those, I am sorry to say, form the majority of our reading public, who firmly believe it to be otherwise. When we would argue to the contrary of their belief, they point out the coolness with which it was

aimed, and the precision with which it was projected; and when we would willingly extenuate, they analyze the poison with which the weapon was tipped; and so we are even compelled, despite of our wishes, to utter an hopeless silence. It is to be hoped, that the doctor, an Irishman himself, will, in a future edition, if such the book is ever destined to see, expunge this obnoxious passage and apologize for its insertion. We should never sacrifice a single iota of our reputation or integrity, whether literary or otherwise, to please those palates which have long found delight in such vicious aliment; and least of all, should one of ourselves ever descend to cater for the appetites of a people who have already nearly devoured us as well as our rightful heritage.

J. S.

HORÆ GERMANICÆ. FOURTH AND CONCLUDING LETTER OF THE FREISCHÜTZ.

My dear President,

Having already presented to your notice, in their native habits, the pious hermit and the interesting Agatha, as well as that less amiable person Caspar, with Max his ill-starr'd companion of the chase; is it now time, if you are not tired of the subject, that I should introduce you to some acquaintance with no less a personage than the evil one himself, who figures on the German theatre under the formidable appellation of 'Zamiel, the swarthy Hunter.' For this purpose, I have "pulled from his dark hole, where he sat brooding," in my escruttoire, this awful character, and the whole of the original incantation scene along with him, which I shall proceed, with as little delay as possible, to lay before your readers, clothed in such English guise, as my organ of translative-ness has enabled me to invest the same withal.

The scene is already so well known, from its frequent representation on the stage, that a perusal of it may appear, perhaps, to have been rendered superfluous; yet, of the thousands who have witnessed the Freischütz, how many are there who have come away without even pretending to understand the plot of the opera? This it is but natural in every one to attribute rather to the obscurity of the German dramatist, than to any thing approaching to opacity of apprehension on his own part; now, I am willing to let author and audience divide the blame between them, (for the Germans are rather mysterious,) and then, *cela posé*, as Legendre says, *on m'accordera toujours* that the faulty dramatist will have a better chance of being understood, and having justice rendered him, if he is allowed to speak for himself on paper, where the reader, if he pleases, may "ponder well," on what he wishes to express, than the transient nature of a theatrical exhibition will, perhaps, at all times admit of. I allude, of course, more particularly to such a scene as the one I inclose you, which is for the most part filled up with what are called stage directions; and although this may be thought by many to be but dull sort of reading, yet I entreat any gentle reader who takes pleasure in perusing the lucubrations in the D. L. G. and who may, perchance, stumble on this article, to pause before he denounces the system with too sweeping a censure, until I shall have endeavoured, as I intend to do on some future occasion, to justify the prac-